

POLICE

COMICS 10¢

SM 2

QUALITY COMIC GROUP

FEATURING
PLASTIC MAN

FEBRUARY
NO. 7



FIREBRAND



THE HUMAN BOMB



PHANTOM LADY



*711



CHIC CARTER





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



FIREBRAND



THE BLAZING FIGURE WHO COURAGEOUSLY BATTLES AS THE FIREBRAND AGAINST AMERICA'S WORST ENEMIES IS ACTUALLY ROD REILLY. . . BUT HIS SECRET IDENTITY IS KNOWN ONLY TO HIS MANSERVANT, SLUGGO.

ROD REILLY IS ENTERTAINING AN OLD FRIEND FROM ENGLAND, SIR FALCON FARNSWORTH OF THE C.I.D., IN HIS CLUB SHORTLY AFTER SIR FALCON'S ARRIVAL IN THIS COUNTRY.

YOUR FIRST VISIT ISN'T IT?

QUITE SO, AND I HAD A MOST SINGULAR ADVENTURE BEGINNING IMMEDIATELY UPON MY ARRIVAL... A SPECTACULAR FIGURE BY THE ODD NAME OF FIREBRAND RATHER SAVED MY CHESTNUTS FROM THE FIRE AS IT WERE. . . A SPECTACULAR FIGURE BY THE ODD NAME OF FIREBRAND RATHER SAVED MY CHESTNUTS FROM THE FIRE AS IT WERE. . . SLENDID CHAP. PERHAPS YOU'VE HEARD OF HIM?

HMM, YES... BELIEVE I HAVE. SOMETHING IN THE PAPERS.

ANYHOW, I CAME HERE BEARING SOME VERY IMPORTANT INFORMATION AND PORTRAITS OF A NUMBER OF FAMOUS ESPIONAGE ARTISTS WHO ESCAPED OUR CLUTCHES. BELIEVING THAT THEY HAD ESCAPED TO THIS COUNTRY, THE C.I.D. SENT ME TO PIN THE GOODS ON 'EM. I WAS TO MEET AN F.B.I. AGENT HERE!



BUT AS I GOT OFF THE CLIPPER, I COULD DISCERN NO ONE WAITING FOR ME...



SUDDENLY I WAS ACCOSTED BY A RATHER ROUGH-LOOKING CHARACTER!

HEY, PAL! ARE YOU MR. FARNSWORTH? AN F.B.I. AGENT SENT ME TO FERRY YOU TO HIS APARTMENT!



GETTING INTO HIS AUTO, I WAS WHISKED VIOLENTLY AWAY...



OUR SPEED WAS SO PRECARIOUS AS TO MAKE ME FEAR AN ACCIDENT INEVITABLE.



MY FEARS WERE WELL FOUNDED. FOR IT WAS BUT A SHORT TIME UNTIL WE FOUND OURSELVES BARGING IN TO ANOTHER VEHICLE.



THE TWO WENT AT IT COMPLETELY IGNORING THE MARQUIS OF QUEENSBURY RULES!

MY CHAUFFEUR STEPPED OUT WITH AN OATH TO FACE THE OTHER DRIVER.



THE PILOT OF THE OTHER VEHICLE HAD THE FACE OF AN EX-PUGILIST AND I FEARED FOR MY DRIVER'S SAFETY.

THROW UP YER DUKES, HANDSOME!



BUT MY PLOT EVOLVED TO FOUR PLAY. DONNING BRASS KNUCKLES, HE SOON HAD THE OTHER CHAP IN A SUPINE POSITION.



I LEAPED OUT OF THE CAR TO OBJECT, JUST AS THE OCCUPANT OF THE OTHER AUTO DID THE SAME. . . A LOVELY GIRL. . .

I SAY OLD BOY, THAT'S NOT CRICKET!



ACTING IN A MOST EXTRAORDINARY MANNER, MY DRIVER TURNED ON US WITH A REVOLVER.



HAVING NO ALTERNATIVE, WE DID AS DIRECTED AND I FOUND MYSELF DRIVING.

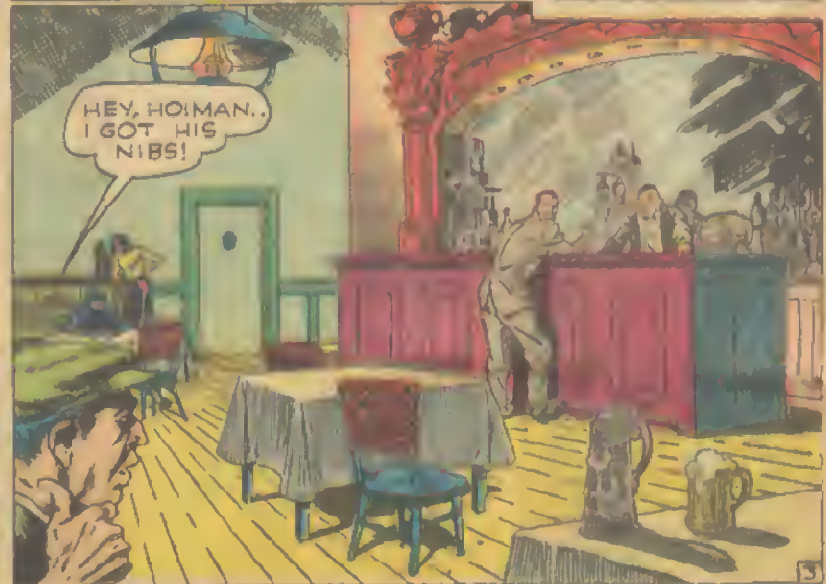


OUR CAPTOR DIRECTED US TO A RATHER UNWHOLESOME SECTION OF THE CITY.



IT WAS A GLOOMY SORT OF PUB THAT SEEMED LIKE A PRIVATE CLUB, THERE BEING ONLY A FEW PEOPLE PRESENT.

WHERE WE WERE FORCED DOWN A FLIGHT OF STEPS INTO A BASEMENT RATHSKELLER.



WE WERE LED TO A TABLE WHERE WE WERE SOON SURROUNDED BY THE OCCUPANTS OF THE SALOON.



DASH IT! WHAT DO YOU WANT?

SUDDENLY I REALIZED I WAS LOOKING AT THE VERY SUSPECTS WHOSE NAMES AND PICTURES I WAS CARRYING.



I'LL TAKE THOSE PAPERS NOW, MISTER FARNSWORTH.

WELL, WELL! "PIG" VON FLAMEN, MONK AND HELGA. YOU DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH PLEASURE IT AFFORDS ME TO SEE YOU ALL AGAIN!



BUT I MUST DISAPPOINT YOU CONCERNING THE PAPERS!



I MUST SAY I PUT UP A RAWTHER GOOD TUSSLE UNTIL . . .



YOU SHOULD NEVER IGNORE A LADY, DEAR FALCON!



I HAVE THE PAPERS, MONK. PUT THE GIRL AND FALCON IN THE CELLAR. THEY BORE ME.



LED THROUGH A DOOR IN A BACK ROOM, OUR CAPTORS FORCED US DOWNSTAIRS.



SOON WE CAME TO A HUGE, VAULT-LIKE ROOM THAT WAS HALF-FILLED WITH WATER. THERE WE WERE MET BY TWO VILLAINOUS-LOOKING CHARACTERS.



YOU LUGS GUARD THESE TWO. I'M GOIN' BACK TO THE BOSS!

OKAY, MONK.

GOOD TING DE BOSS SENT YOUSE DOWN, WE TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOUSE... YAH!

SHUT UP, DUTCH. WE GOTTA TIE 'EM UP!



AREN'T YOU AFRAID WE'LL ESCAPE, MISTER?

HAW! DAT'S VERRY FONNY? MEBBE YOU LAK' TRY SWIM TO DRAIN-PIPE?



AT FIRST I COULDN'T BELIEVE MY EYES WHEN AN UGLY FIN BROKE THE POOL'S SURFACE.

JOVE! A BLOODY SHARK!



LOOKS LIKE WE'RE IN FOR IT, MISS... BY THE WAY, WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

MY NAME IS JOAN, SIR FALCON. WELL, CHIN UP! CARRY ON!



WELL I THOUGHT THE JIG WAS UP, BUT I SUDDENLY NOTICED SOMETHING SWIMMING OUT OF THE DRAIN PIPE.



JOAN!
WHAT
THE
DEVIL
IS THAT?

JOAN GAVE A SCREAM.

IT'S FIREBRAND!
OH, GO BACK! GO
BACK! THE SHARK!
THE...



THE GUARDS SPIED THE STRANGE FIGURE BUT DID NOTHING TO STOP HIM.



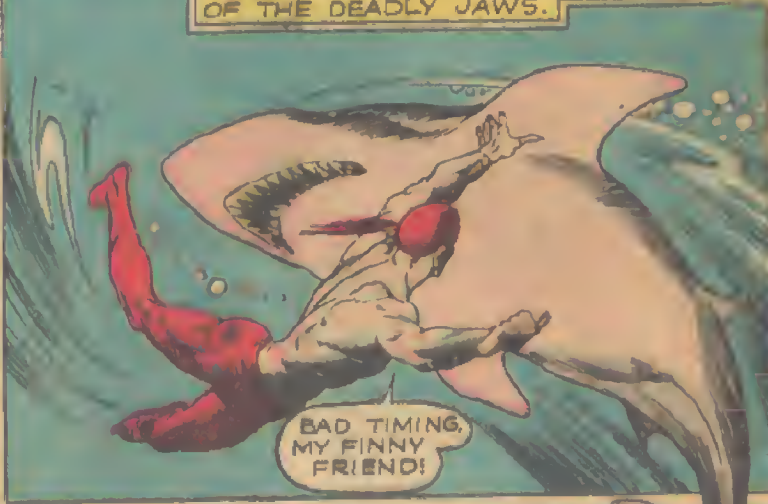
HAW! HE
WILL NOT
GET PAST
OUR LIT-
TLE PET!

THE SHARK SPIED FIRE-
BRAND ALSO AND HEADED
FOR HIM.



SO THEY'VE
GOT FRESH
FISH ON THE
MENU HERE!

THE WATER WAS VERY CLEAR
AND WE COULD SEE THE FUR-
IOUS STRUGGLE BETWEEN THE
STRANGE OPPONENTS. LIKE AN EEL,
THE FIREBRAND WRIGGLED CLEAR
OF THE DEADLY JAWS.



BAD TIMING,
MY FINNY
FRIEND!

AS THE SHARK SLASHED BY,
THE FIREBRAND GRASPED
HIS HUGE DORSAL FIN.



FROM HIS TRUNKS HE DREW A
LONG-BLADED KNIFE.



AGAIN AND AGAIN THE FLASHING BLADE SANK DEEP INTO THE MONSTER.

UNTIL THE POOL WAS ONCE AGAIN CALM AND ONLY BLOODY BUBBLES AROSE TO THE SURFACE...

BY GAR..IF HE FINISH DE SHARK, WE FINISH HEEM!

BUT TO OUR UTTER AMAZEMENT HE AROSE, HOLDING THE DEAD ANIMAL.

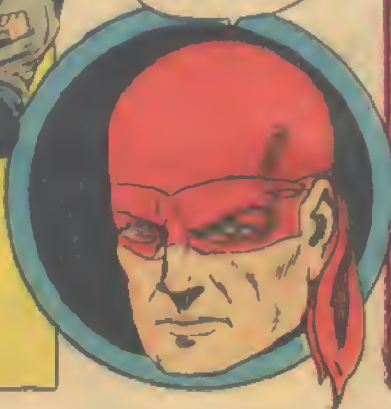
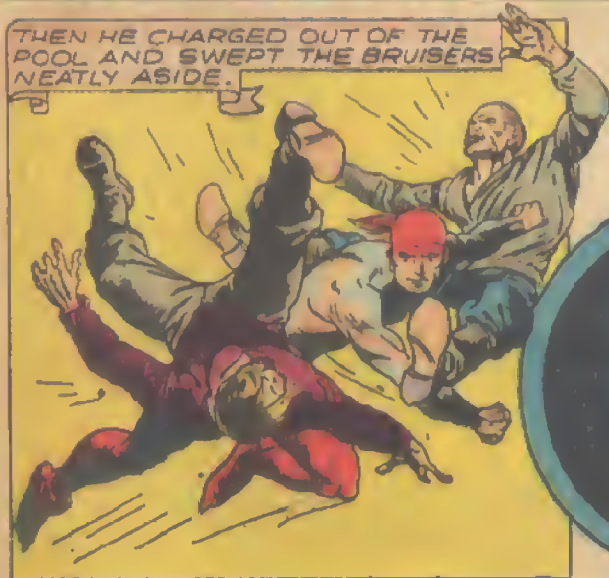
AND HURLED IT SMACK INTO OUR STUPID CAPTORS.

THEN HE CHARGED OUT OF THE POOL AND SWEEP THE BRUISERS NEATLY ASIDE.

I'LL UNTIE YOU TWO THEN WE'LL GO UP- STAIRS AND GET YOUR PAPERS BACK, SIR FALCON!

AS WE FOLLOWED HIM UP, I WAS IN A DAZE.

NOW HOW THE DEUCE DID THIS STRANGE PERSON COME TO KNOW SO MUCH?



WHEN WE CAME TO THE BARROOM DOOR, FIRE-BRAND STOPPED US



AS HE STEPPED INTO MY ENEMIES' LAIR, I KEPT MY EYE TO THE KEYHOLE.



COME HERE, VON FLAMEN!



PIG CAME AT THE
FIREBRAND WITH A
BUNG STARTER.



NONSENSE,
MY DEAR
PIG...



RING AROUND
THE ROSY!!



AND
THROUGH
THE LOOK-
ING GLASS!



NOISERY
RHYMES.
EH? WELL.
I'M NEXT.
DIS BLACK-
JACK WILL
HATCH A
GOOSE EGG
ON YER
DOME!



HELLO,
MONK..
PRAC-
TICING
AGAIN?



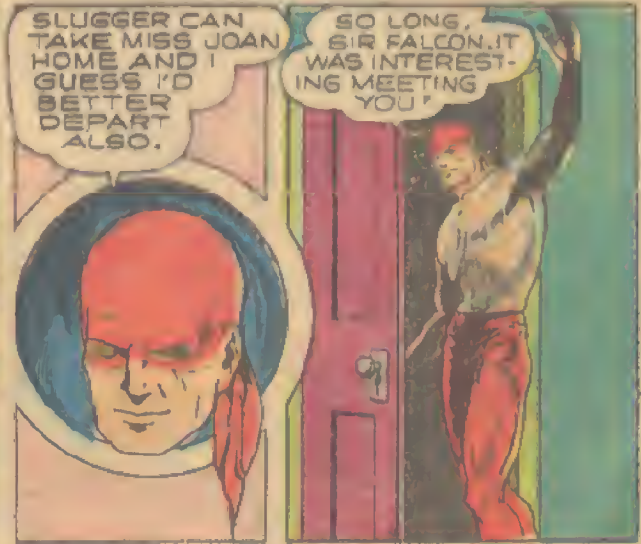
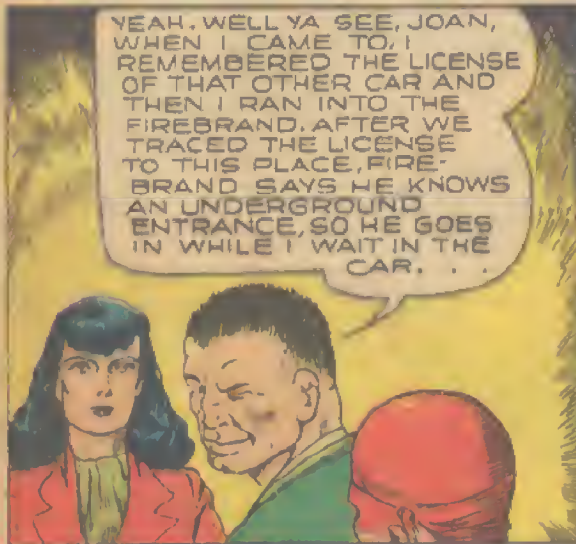
THAT'S WHERE
YOU BELONG..
BEHIND BARS!



YOU OUGHT
TO TAKE
MORE LES-
SONS FIRST!







Watch for the next sensational episode of The Firebrand in the March issue of POLICE COMICS.

711

FROM BEHIND
PRISON WALLS
JUSTICE IS METED
OUT BY
DAN DYCE,
LIFER # 711,
WHO IS SERVING
TIME FOR A CRIME
HE NEVER
COMMITTED--



by
**GEORGE
E.
BRENNER**

IN THE HIDE-OUT OF
"DRIPPY" DREW, THE CITY'S
NO. 1 HOODLUM---

YA KNOW,
DRID, THIS NEW
ROCKET OF
OURS HAS
EVERYTHING
BEAT A
MILE!

YEAH, THINK
OF IT - WHOLE-
SALE PRISON
BREAKS AT
HALF
PRICE -



AN' TH' FOIST
ONE WE'DE
WOIKIN' IS
WESTMOOR,
AIN'T IT?

YES-AN'
ALL BUT ABOUT
TEN OF TH' NINE
HUNDRED STIR-
CRAZY LUGS
PAID ME 500 BUCKS
A PIECE IN ADVANCE
TO HELP 'EM BREAK
OUT --



WHEN DO
WE DO
THIS??

MIDNIGHT
TONIGHT-AN'
EVERYTHING'S
SET --



I EVEN GOT
PHONEY GUARDS
TAKIN' OVER TH'
LATE SHIFT --



AND IN WESTMOOR PRISON
SHALL GROUPS OF MEN GATHER
AND TALK IN UNDERTONES--



DAN OYCE, LIFER #711, OVER-
HEARS THE PLOT TO ESCAPE--



AND SOMETHING'S
GOT TO BE DONE OR
HALF THE MEN WERE
WILL BE SHOT DOWN
BEFORE THEY REACH
THE WALLS---

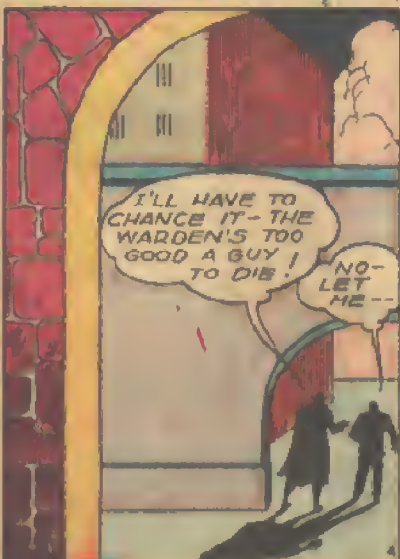
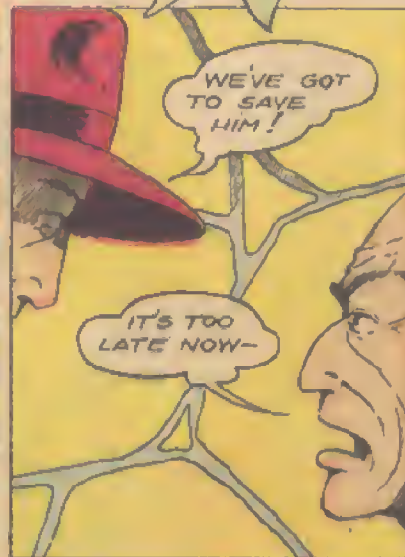
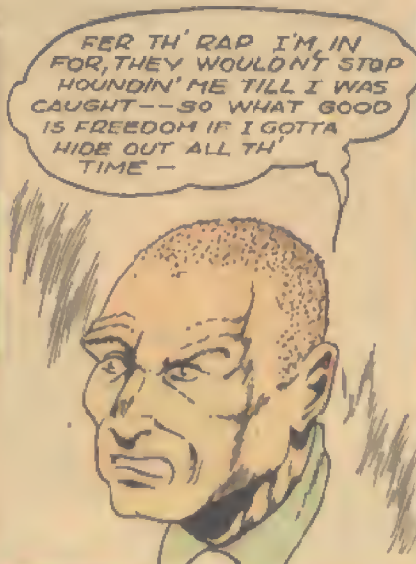
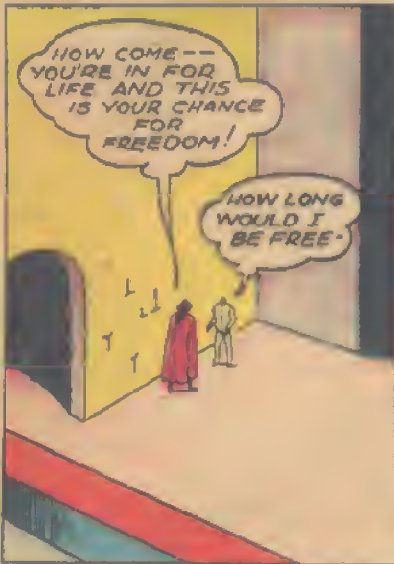


AND AN HOUR BEFORE MID-
NIGHT, 711 IS AT WORK TO
THWART THE PRISON BREAK--



AND ONE BOGUS GUARD AFTER ANOTHER FALLS UNDER THE CRUSHING BLOWS OF 711---





AND GIPPER STARTS THE TREACHEROUS DASH ACROSS THE YARD---



THE BULLET FINDS ITS MARK--



STILL HE KEEPS ON AS BULLET AFTER BULLET SMASHES INTO HIS BODY---



HE STAGGERS INTO THE WARDEN'S OFFICE---

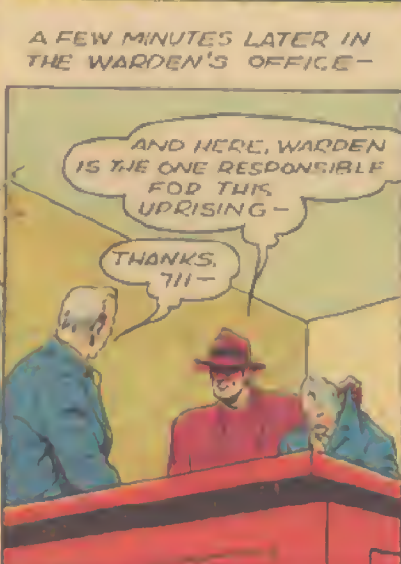


MEANWHILE TII COMES TO AND HAS GRABBED ONE OF THE FAKE GUARDS---



HE'S OUTSIDE TH' WALLS SPEIN' HOW EVERYTHING GOES--THAT'S ALL I KNOW----







Eagle EVANS

BY
Clark Williams



FLYING SOLDIER OF FORTUNE, EAGLE EVANS, TOGETHER WITH HIS SHUTTER-BUG PAL SNAP SMITH SIGN ON THE DOTTED LINE FOR ANOTHER BREATHTAKING ADVENTURE IN BEHALF OF THE DEMOCRACIES. . . .

EAGLE AND SNAP ENTER A CHINESE LAUNDRY.

I LEFT SOME SHIRTS HERE LAST WEEK BUT I'VE MISPLACED THE TICKET. MR. EVANS IS THE NAME.

NO TICKET?

SO SORRY, BUT IS OLD CHINESE CUSTOM. NO TICKET. NO WASH-EE?

SNAP NOTICES A POSTER ON THE WALL.

HEY, EAGLE! GET A LOAD OF THIS! AN AMERICAN BOMBER IN CHINA!

HELP CHINA

BUY U.S. DEFENSE BONDS DO YOUR PART!



WHAT DO YOU SAY WE HOP THE NEXT STEAMER? YOU COULD FLY AND I COULD TAKE PICTURES!

NOT A BAD IDEA WE HAVEN'T HAD ANY EXCITEMENT FOR A MONTH!



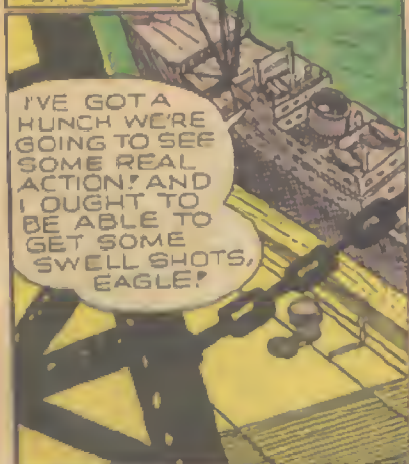
CHINA GLAD TO GET AMERICAN PILOTS. PAY BIG BONUS TOO. YOU YOUNG AND STRONG, SO WHY YOU NO GOT?



WE'LL BE BACK FOR THOSE SHIRTS AFTER WE'VE HAD A CRACK AT THE JAPS!

MAY THE GODS BE WITH YOU!

EAGLE AND SNAP BOARD A GREAT LINER BOUND FOR CHINA.



I'VE GOT A HUNCH WE'RE GOING TO SEE SOME REAL ACTION! AND I OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO GET SOME SWELL SHOTS, EAGLE!

THE SHIP SETS OUT TO SEA AND AFTER SEVERAL UNEVENTFUL DAYS....



EAGLE! PERISCOPE! AND HOLY SMOKE HERE COMES A TORPEDO! IT'S GONNA HIT US AMIDSHIPS!



THERE IS A RENDING EXPLOSION AND SOON THE LINER IS LISTING CRAZILY.



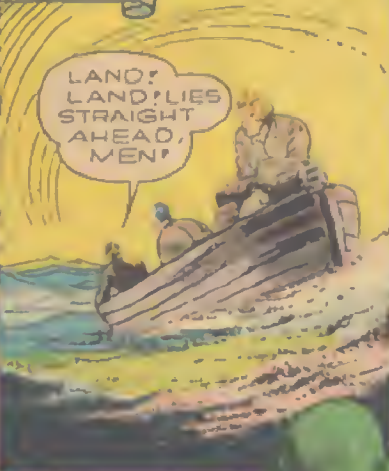
HASTILY, LIFEBOATS ARE LOWERED.



EAGLE MANS THE TILLER AS A STRONG WIND CARRIES THEM WESTWARD.



FOR A NIGHT AND A DAY THE TINY CRAFT IS TOSSED BY THE MOUNTAINOUS WAVES UNTIL...



THE BATTERED LIFE BOAT REACHES SHORE, BUT...



JAP SENTRIES SPOT THE CASTAWAYS...



LET'S SEE HOW YOU LIKE THE AMERICAN BRAND OF FIGHTING!



OH, SO YOU DON'T LIKE IT, HEY?



HEY, EAGLE! LET'S GRAB THIS ARMY CAR! THOSE GUYS WON'T NEED IT ANY MORE!



EAGLE LEAP FOR THE CAR
AS SNAP STANDS GUARD



THE REST OF THE SURVIVORS
ESCAPE TO THE WOODS.



EAGLE DECIDES TO STEP ON THE GAS INSTEAD OF THE BRAKES.



AN ENEMY PLANE ATTACKS BUT TURNS TAIL WHEN SNAP GETS TO WORK.



AFTER A MADCAP DASH, THEY REACH THE CHINESE MILITARY AREA.



EAGLE AND SNAP ARE BROUGHT BEFORE THE COMMANDER.



A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE DARING PAIR ROARS THROUGH ENEMY-INFESTED SKIES.



SOON THEY REACH THE
FRONT LINES.

DO YOU SEE WHAT
I SEE COMIN'
STRAIGHT AT
US, SNAP?

GULP...
I-I SURE
DO!

THE JAPS DIVE
IN ATTACK

A SQUADRON OF JAP
FIGHTERS ROARS THROUGH
THE SKIES.



BUT EAGLE IS
NOT CAUGHT
NAPPING...



HOLD YOUR
HAT! HERE WE
GO, PAL!

LET THE
FUN BEGIN,
CHIEF!



HIS GUNS BLAST DEATH.



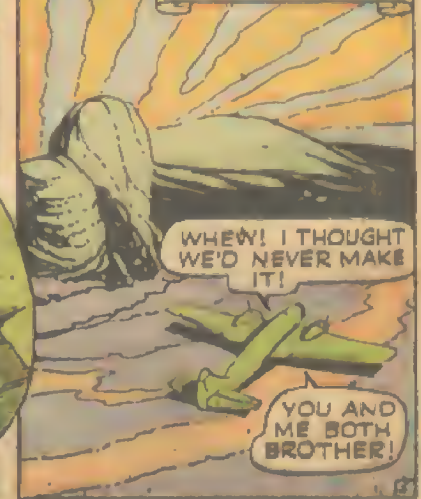
BUT A JAP SWOOPS
DOWN ON HIS TAIL.



AND BULLETS SMASH THE
RUDDER AND ELEVATOR
CONTROL LINES.



THE CRIPPLED
WARBIRD BARELY
MANAGES TO LAND.



WHEW! I THOUGHT
WE'D NEVER MAKE
IT!

YOU AND
ME BOTH
BROTHER!

SUDDENLY JAP GUARDS RUSH TOWARD THEM.

UH-OH! GUESS WE DIDN'T LAND AMONG FRIENDS, EAGLE!

SO IT WOULD SEEM!

AMERICANS! TAKE THEM PRISONER!



UNARMED SAVE FOR BARE FISTS, EAGLE AND SNAP FACE FLAILING RIFLE-STOCK.

SEE HOW YOU LIKE A TASTE OF GOOD, YANKEE KNUCKLES!!

HE-N-O!!



BRAVE SONS OF NIPPON TO BATTLE! IS THAT THE BEST YOU CAN DO?



EAGLE DROPS THE LAST OF THEM WITH A CRUSHING BLOW.

THAT PUTS YOU OUT OF THE RUNNING, SONNY! A JAP PLANE APPROACHES.



THE ENEMY BOMBER LANDS ON THE FIELD.



C'MON, SNAP! LET'S TAKE CARE OF THOSE BOYS TOO! I'M JUST NICELY WARMED UP AND SO'S THAT PLANE MOTOR!

EAGLE GIVES THE CREW THE OLD ONE-TWO.



BEAUTIFUL...! I GOT A SWELL SHOT OF THAT!

THEY ROAR SKYWARD IN THE BORROWED BOMBER.



EAGLE AND SNAP HEAD BACK FOR THE CHINESE BASE.

THINK WE'VE HAD ENOUGH EXCITEMENT FOR ONE AFTER-NOON, EAGLE?

NOT A BAD DAY'S WORK, SNAP! BUT KEEP YOUR FINGERS CROSSED!

A MOMENT LATER. . .

WELL, LOOK AT THAT DOWN THERE, WILL YOU?

JUST THE JOB FOR US! WHAT A BREAK!

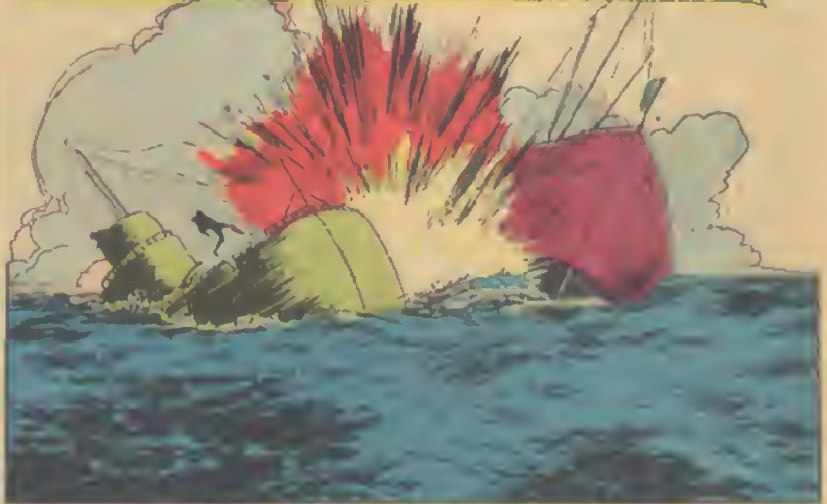
A JAP SUB REFUELS FROM A TANKER. . .



EAGLE NOSES THE PLANE DOWN IN A SCREAMING DIVE.

WON'T THEY BE SURPRISED TO RECEIVE AN EGG-DELIVERY FROM ONE OF THEIR OWN PLANES!

BOTH TANKER AND SUB ARE BLOWN TO BITS. . .



SNAP BAILS OUT OF THE JAP PLANE.

I'LL TELL OUR CHINESE PALS NOT TO SHOOT DOWN EAGLE!

EAGLE LANDS UNHARMED.

AH! THERE'S SNAP AND THE COMMANDER! NOW TO MAKE MY REPORT!

NEWS OF YOUR DARING EXPLOITS HAS ALREADY REACHED THESE UNWORTHY EARS! CHINA SALUTES YOU!

IT WAS A PLEASURE, COMMANDER!

YOU SAID IT!



DARKNESS FALLS
OVER LITTLETOWN
AND WITH IT
COMES SOUNDS OF
CREAKING LOCKS
AND BARRED
WINDOWS FOR THIS
IS THE ELEVENTH
NIGHT OF THE
REIGN OF TERROR
AND EVERYONE
KNOWS WHEN THE
COCK CROWS ANOTHER
BODY WILL BE
FOUND DANGLING
FROM THE END
OF A HANGMAN'S
NOOSE.. DEATH
WALKS IN
LITTLETOWN!!

MORNING..AND THE TREMBLING TOWNS-
FOLK FIND ANOTHER VICTIM...



LOOK! IT'S NORMAN
SAWYER, THE
TOWN'S LEADING
DRUGGIST HANG-
ING FROM THE
POST OFFICE!!

GOOD
GRAY!!
IT'S HORRIBLE
!!

WHY
CAN'T
THE
POLICE
STOP
THIS
NIGHTMARE
??

IN THE MAYOR'S OFFICE..

SEE HERE, MAYOR
GERARD, THIS
OUTRAGE HAS GOT
TO STOP! W-WHY
NO ONE IS SAFE IN
LITTLETOWN..
EVERY BODY WILL
BE WIPED
OUT!!

NOW CALM
YOURSELF
JUDGE
HENRY
..WE'RE
DOING ALL
WE CAN!!



ELEVEN MURDERS IN ELEVEN
NIGHTS.. I CAN'T STAND IT...
TONIGHT SOMEONE ELSE WILL
BE KILLED BY THAT STALKING
MANIAC... MAYBE I !!
..YOU'D THINK SOMEBODY
WANTED TO DRIVE EVERY-
ONE OUT OF LITTLETOWN!!

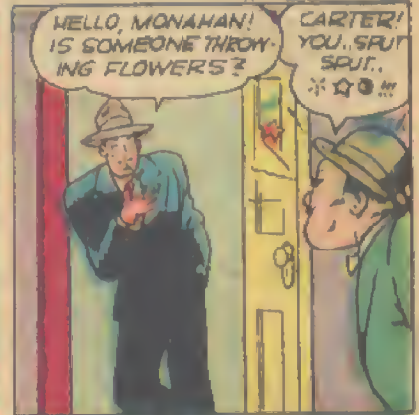


IN A NEARBY CITY SERGEANT MONAHAN IS AROUSED.

YEP! O.K., MAYOR GERARD, YOU'LL HAVE THE BEST DETECTIVE ON THE FORCE... I'LL HANDLE THE CASE MYSELF! GOOD AS SOLVED! BLAH BLAH...



WELL? NOW WHO DONE THAT?



HELLO, MONAHAN! IS SOMEONE THROWING FLOWERS?

CARTER! YOU... SPIT... SPIT... ☆☆☆

GO CHASE A RABBIT... I MUST SOLVE A BUNCH OF MURDERS IN LITTLE TOWN! POLICE REPORTER. BLAH!!

AW! CAN'T I GO ALONG AND WATCH OR SOMETHING!!



AS SUNDOWN APPROACHES... A CAR SPEEDS TOWARD LITTLE TOWN....



I GOTTA SEE THAT MONAHAN DOESN'T GET INTO TROUBLE!

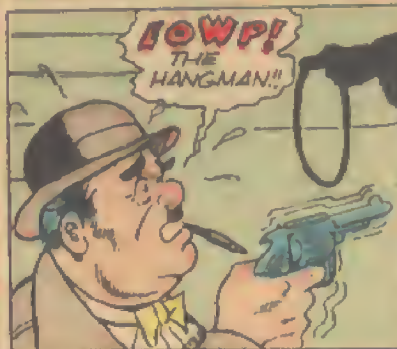


IT'S K-KINDA SPOOKY HERE.. I HOPE THE HANGMAN DON'T SHOW UP!



GLUP!! W.. WHAT'S THAT?

CRUNCH



IOWP! THE HANGMAN!!



You?



WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA 'SNEAKIN' AROUND AND SCARIN' PEOPLE? HUH...?

TUT.. TUT!! WATCH YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE!



HA HA!! SOON ANOTHER FOOL WILL FEEL THE QUICK, SURE TUG OF THE HANGMAN'S NOOSE!!



HA.. LOOK AT THE FOOL POLICE! I THINK I'LL PULL MY NEXT HANGING RIGHT UNDER THEIR NOSES!!

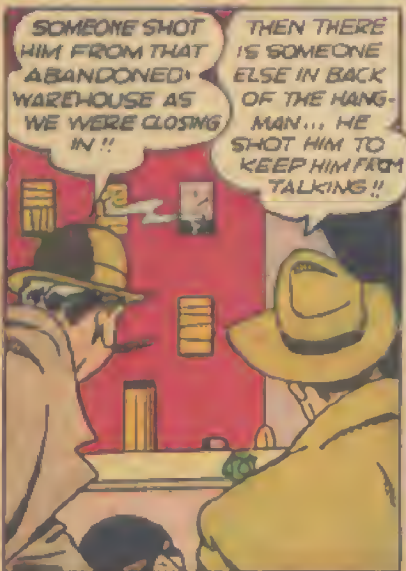




THE HANGMAN WHIPS OUT A GUN AND FIRES BLINDLY AT HIS PURSUER...

UNABLE TO SHAKE THE POLICE-REPORTER, THE HANGMAN LEAPS TO THE STREET....

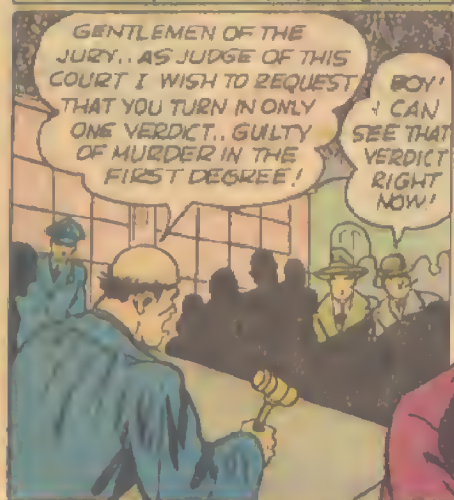
AT THAT MOMENT A MYSTERIOUS SHOT IS FIRED...



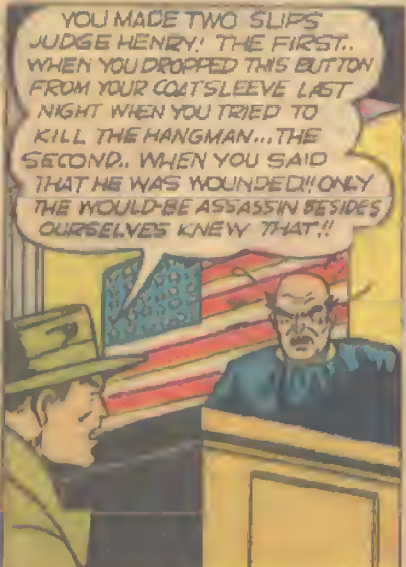
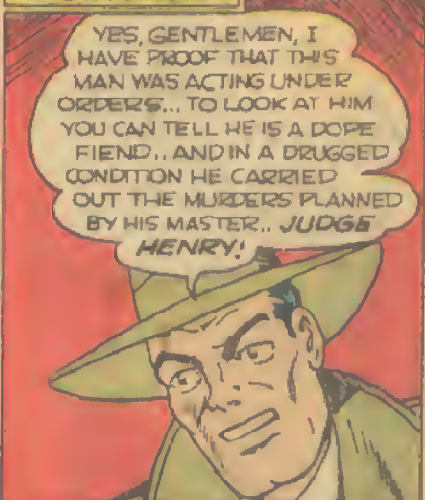
THE NEXT MORNING!



LATER..THE LITTLETOWN COURTROOM IS JAMMED, AWAITING A VERDICT....



CHIC CARTER THROWS THE COURTROOM INTO AN UPROAR....



THE EXPOSED JUDGE TRIES TO MAKE A GETAWAY....



..BUT CHIC IS TOO QUICK FOR HIM....



THE HANGMAN LEAPS FROM THE WITNESSES STAND

"IT'S TRUE! IT'S TRUE! HE MADE ME KILL... SAID IF I WOULDN'T STOP GIVING ME DOSE!!"



AND NOW WHEN I AM CAUGHT YOU TELL THEM TO KILL ME... HA! HA! FOR THAT I AM GOING TO KILL YOU!

STAY BACK



STOP!

AAA!



"I'M SHOT! I WAS SHOT BY... MY OWN BROTHER!"

?

JUDGE HENRY... YOUR BROTHER?? BUT WHY IN HEAVEN'S NAME DID HE MAKE YOU KILL THE CITIZENS OF LITTLETOWN??

"GUESS... HE DISCOVERED A STRAIN OF GOLD UNDER THE COURTHOUSE... (GUSH)... HE WANTED TO FRIGHTEN EVERY ONE AWAY AND HE COULD HAVE ALL THE GOLD HIMSELF!"



"WE'RE DONE FOR CHIC!!"

"YEAH!!"



LATER...

"WELL, MONAHAN, ANOTHER HOMICIDE SOLVED. BUT I MUST SAY THIS ONE WORKED OUT DIFFERENT THAN ANY BEFORE!"



PLASTIC MAN

ONCE AGAIN THE INFAMOUS RUBBER MAN LASHES OUT AT CRIME AND SMASHES A MOST VICIOUS ORGANIZATION KNOWN AS THE **UNITED CROOKS OF AMERICA!**

TH' MEETIN' IS ADJOURNED ON ACCOUNT OF PLASTIC MAN!!

by JACK COLE

THE TIME — MIDNIGHT
THE PLACE — A J. PHILLIPS FUR CO.



MORE POLICEMEN BAR THE WAY



SOON HE IS IN THE SECRET OFFICE OF THE UNITED CROOKS OF AMERICA



LATER ZEL STRIPS TO THE AWE INSPIRING COSTUME OF PLASTIC MAN AND VISITS THE POLICE



LEAVING FEL IN THE CAR, THE TWO ENTER THE BENTHOUSE.



RIGHT, 26 - LEFT, 27 - RIGHT 2 - LEFT -



THEN AS THE SAFE DOOR IS OPENED



TRIGGER SLIDE'S DOWN A CONNECTING ROPE ON A SPECIAL PULLEY..



BUT PLASTIC MAN FLATTENS OUT LIKE A FLYING SQUIRREL AND GLIDES...



TRIGGER IS CLIPPED AS HE LANDS ON A NEARBY ROOF.



THE MAN OF RUBBER DIVES FOR A WATER TOWER



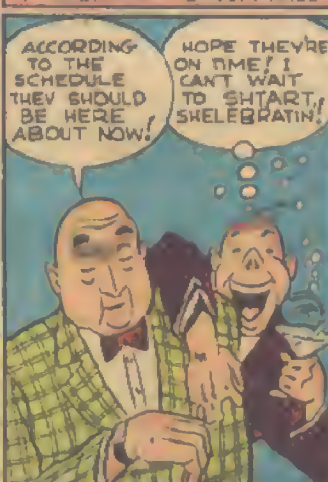
A FEW MINUTES LATER AS THE TWO JEWEL THIEVES ENTER THE CAR

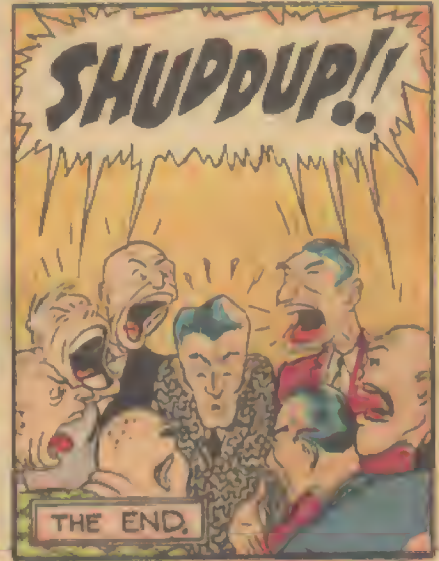


TRIGGER AND APE CRACK...



AT THE GANG'S QUARTERS A BIG PARTY IS IN READINESS TO CELEBRATE THE GEM HAUL.





Follow the thrilling adventures of Plastic Man in the March issue of POLICE COMICS.

SUPER SNOOPER

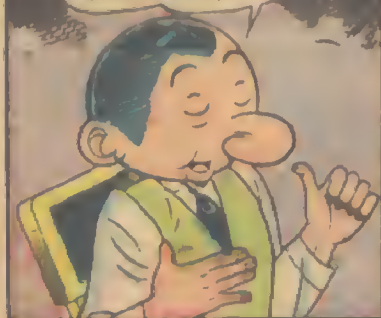
THE YEGG BEATER

by GILL FOX

YOU MUST HELP ME, MR. ZUPER SNOOPER. YOU MUST COME TO MY RESTAURANT AND CATCH THE ONE WHO ROBS THE COATS OF MY CUSTOMERS!!



JUST LEAVE YOUR CASE TO ME AND MY TWO ASSISTANTS, MYSELF AND I... WE'LL SOLVE IT!



AT THE RESTAURANT

THIS COAT OF MINE COST ME \$75.90 IT SHOULD MAKE A GOOD DEEDY TO CATCH THE CROOK!



WOW! THAT STEAK I JUST ORDERED IS \$5.00! IT MUST COME FROM A SACRED COW!



OH OH! THERE GOES MY COAT! HEY, COME BACK!



STOP, YA CROOK!



HE GOT AWAY... AND WITH MY COAT! OH WELL I STILL GOT MY APPETITE!

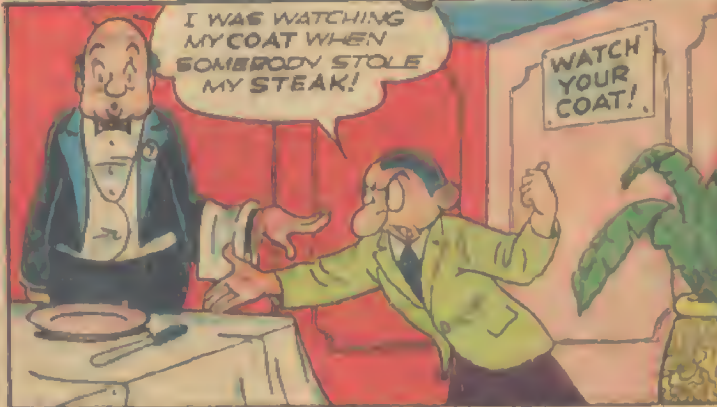


BACK IN THE RESTAURANT

HEY, WAITER!



I WAS WATCHING MY COAT WHEN SOMEBODY STOLE MY STEAK!

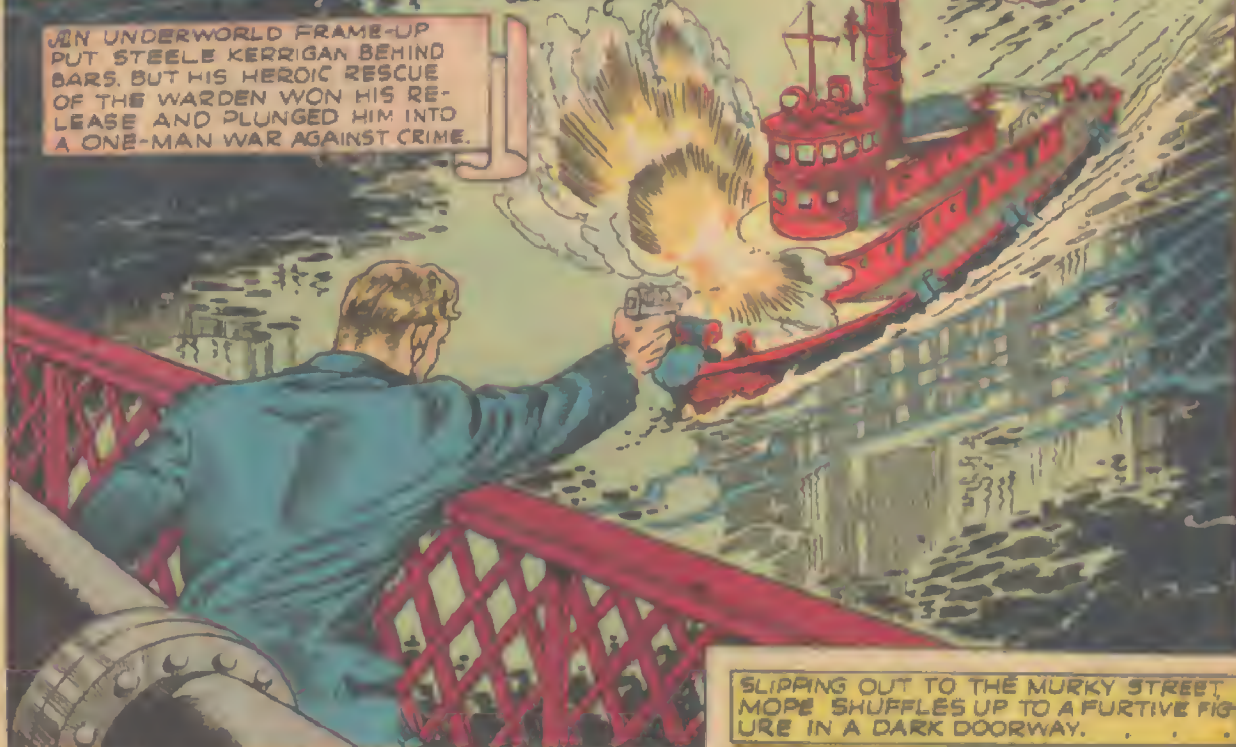


Super Snooper will amuse you again in the March issue of POLICE COMICS

STEELE KERRIGAN

by Al Bryant

AN UNDERWORLD FRAME-UP PUT STEELE KERRIGAN BEHIND BARS. BUT HIS HEROIC RESCUE OF THE WARDEN WON HIS RELEASE AND PLUNGED HIM INTO A ONE-MAN WAR AGAINST CRIME.



SLIPPING OUT TO THE MURKY STREET, MOPE SHUFFLES UP TO A FURTIVE FIGURE IN A DARK DOORWAY.

MOPE MORRIS, ACE TRIGGER-MAN KEEPS A RENDEZVOUS WITH "BIG DORF" SNYDER, GANG LAND BOSS.

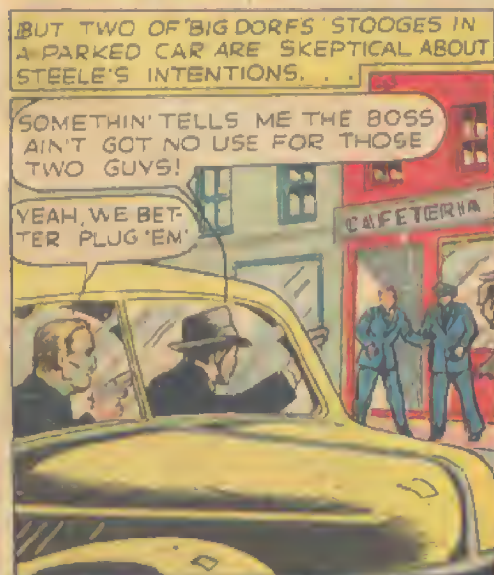
YEAH, MOPE. . . KERRIGAN AIN'T M'NDIN' HIS BUSINESS. . . I'LL GIVE YOU FIVE GRAND TO RUB HIM OUT, BUT MAKE IT CLEAN. . . NO WITNESSES!

THAT'S JAKE WITH ME, BIG DORF. I'LL TAKE CARE O' THAT LUG! WHY I GOTTA PLAN ALREADY!

HIYA, MOPE! WHAT'S IN THE CARDS FOR TONIGHT?

FIVE HUNNERT SINKERS FOR YOU, JINGO. . . JUST GET KERRIGAN ON BROOKBURG BRIDGE BY 2 A.M. I'LL BE SEEBIN' YUH!





THE DOOR OF THE ESCAPING CAR SWINGS WIDE AND UNLOADS ONE HENCHMAN



THEN CONTINUES ITS SWIFT FLIGHT.



BUT MOPE AND HIS PAL SHIFTY KANE INSIDE THE CAFE ARE WORRIED.

SOUNDS LIKE THE BOYS IS HAVIN' A WARM PARTY! DON'T THINK WE'LL STAY FOR REFRESHMENTS SHIFTY!

OUT THE BACK DOOR!



BARGING INTO THE RESTAURANT STEELE JUGGLES THE MANAGER'S MOLARS.

WHERE'D THEY GO? WHICH DOOR'D THEY USE? TALK FAST!!

I D-DON'T KNOW..



OUTSIDE THE TWO GANGSTERS FIND THEIR CAR GONE... AND HEAD FOR ANNE, WAITING IN STEELE'S CAR.

SURE... BOYS... GLAD TO OBLIGE!



O.K. SISTER... GET OUTTA THAT CAR... WE GOT IMPORTANT BUSINESS.

BUT I'LL TAKE THE RENTAL CHARGE FIRST!



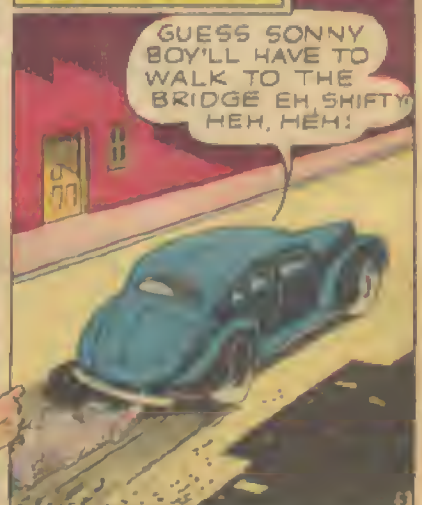
THE DARING GIRL FAILED TO RECKON WITH SHIFTY.

I HATE TO DO THIS SISTER BUT YOU WAS BEGGIN'...



AND ANNE, UNCONSCIOUS, IS HERDED INTO THE BACK SEAT... CAPTIVE.

GUESS SONNY BOY'LL HAVE TO WALK TO THE BRIDGE EH SHIFTY? HEH, HEH!



STEELE EMERGES ONLY TO STARE HELPLESSLY AT THE FLEEING AUTO.



BUT REMEMBERING HIS DATE WITH JINGO, HE HASTILY HOPS A CAB.



A SQUINT-EYED FIGURE WATCHES STEELE'S ARRIVAL.



HI, JINGO! WHAT'S THE DIRT?

COME ON.. LET'S WALK UP THE BRIDGE A WAYS.. NICE NIGHT...



IN THE MEANTIME MOPE AND SHIFTY, LEAVING ANNE SECURELY BOUND AND GAGGED IN A WHARF WAREHOUSE, DASH FOR THEIR WAITING SPEEDBOAT.



THE CRAFT SKIMS NOISELESSLY UP THE RIVER...

WHEN YA SPOT KERRIGAN DO A QUICK JOB, THEN RIDDLE JINGO... UNDERSTAND?

GOT YA, BOSS!



REACHING THE MIDDLE OF THE BRIDGE, STEELE IS NOT TO BE PUT OFF ANY LONGER.

QUIT STALLING, JINGO! WHAT'VE YOU GOT ON BIG DORF?

I AIN'T STALLIN', STEELE..



YOU WAIT HERE.. I'LL BE BACK IN A MINUTE WIT' DOPE THAT'LL KNOCK YER EARS OFF!



AS HE WALKS AWAY, JINGO ACCIDENTALLY SETS A BOOK OF MATCHES ON FIRE...



BLAME IT! DARN NEAR BURNED MY HANDS OFF!

BUT THE MEN IN THE LURKING BOAT HAVE SEEN THE BURNING SIGNAL...



O.K. SHIFTY, GIT THAT MACHINE GUN BARKIN' ON KERRIGAN. AN' DON'T FERGIT MY PAL, JINGO!

AT THE FIRST SHOTS, STEELE DUCKS.



SO ANNE'S EARS WEREN'T HEARING THINGS!

HE FIRES IN RETURN. HIS UNCANNY AIM EXPLODES THE BOAT'S GAS TANK AND SENDS THE EVIL PLOTTERS HURLING INTO THE AIR.



EVEN I CAN PLAY YOUR GAME, RATS!

HE DOES JINGO'S STEPS TO THE WAREHOUSE.



THAT DOUBLE-CROSSING SNEAK IS HEADED STRAIGHT FOR PAPA DORF. I'LL BET...

INSIDE, STEELE LISTENS IN ON THE CONVERSATION BETWEEN JINGO AND 'BIG DORF'.



SO THAT DUMB MOPE MESSED UP THE JOB, EH?

YEAH, BOSS. BUT I'VE STILL GOT KERRIGAN'S DAME!

BOUNTING INTO VIEW, STEELE LEVELS HIS NEVER-MISSING PISTOL.



BUT YOU'RE NOT GOING TO HAVE HER FOR LONG, YOU YELLOW RATS!

THE CRIMINALS TAKEN CARE OF, KERRIGAN RELEASES ANNE.

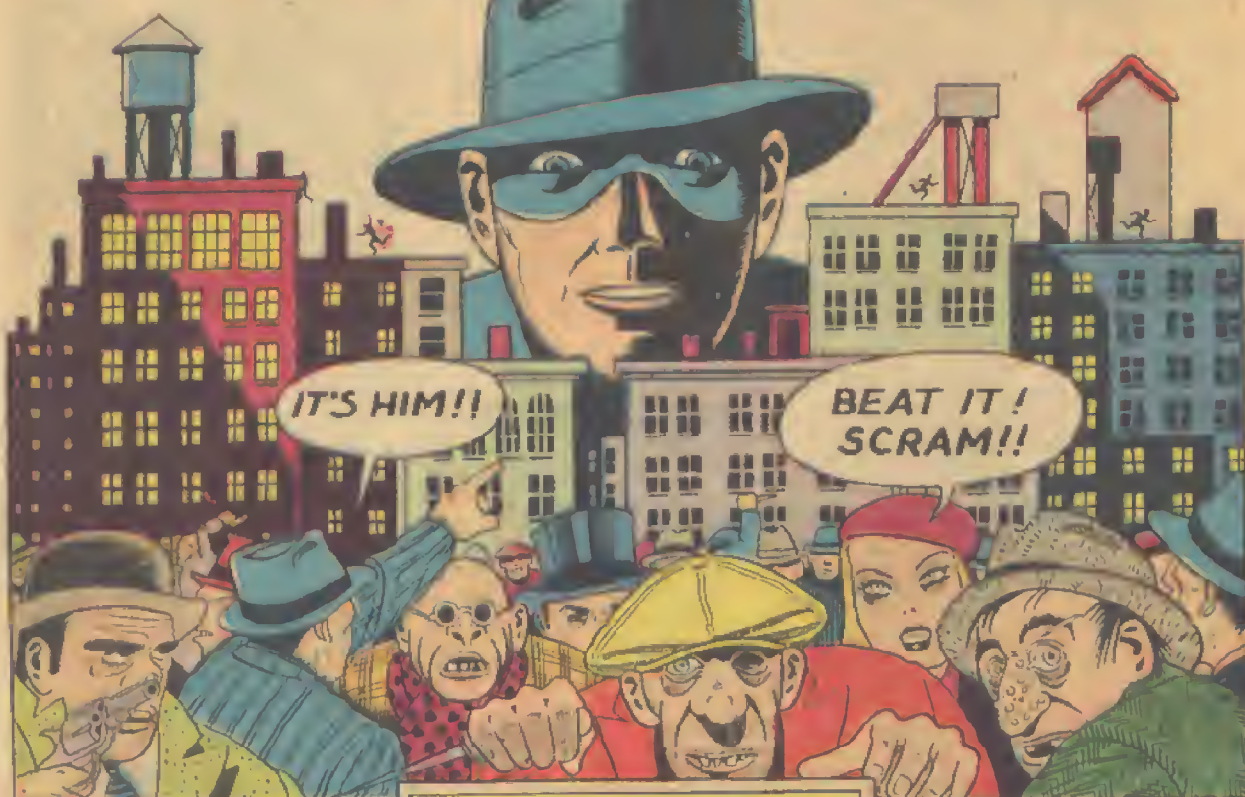


MY WORK IS DONE. I'VE ALL THE DORF ON DORF I WANT!

RIGHT, STEELE! THAT LAST SHOT FINISHED HIM!

THE MOUTHPIECE

BY FRED GUARDINEER



TO BETTER GUARD THE LIVES AND PROPERTY OF HIS CITY'S TEEMING MILLIONS — DISTRICT ATTORNEY BILL PERKINS SECRETLY BECOMES THE MOUTHPIECE WHEN HE CRACKS DOWN SINGLE-HANDED ON THE FORCES OUTSIDE THE LAW.

IN THE EL BAMBA, ONE OF THE CITY'S NIGHT SPOTS, THE ORCHESTRA RIPS OUT WITH ONE OF ITS NOISIEST JUMPING JIVE NUMBERS.



THE DRUMMER IS FEATURED AS HE POUNDS OUT A WILD RHYTHM.



IN A BACK ROOM OF THE CLUB TWO MEN POINT GUNS AT A THIRD WHO IS TIED HELPLESS TO A CHAIR!



THE REVOLVERS
KICK SHARPLY AS
THEY GO OFF



OUTSIDE ON THE DANCE
FLOOR THE SHOTS ARE
DROWNED OUT BY THE SOUNDS
OF REVELRY!



A FEW MINUTES LATER A BIG BLACK SEDAN
RACES THROUGH THE CITY STREETS



THAT WAS A
GOOD IDEA,
HYMIE. HAVIN'
A JIVE JOINT
FOR A
FRONT!

YEAH, TRIGGER.
WE CAN CON-
DUCT BUSINESS
THERE - QUIETLY
OR OTHERWISE
TOSS THAT BAG
OUT!



AS THE CAR PASSES A POLICE
STATION THE BURLAP BAG IS
TOSSED OUT!



THE
NERVE OF
THEM
GUYS!

SOON THE POLICEMAN IS
EXAMINING IT!



A NOTE ON
IT FOR THE D.A.
FEELS LIKE A BODY
IN HERE!

HOLY CROW!
IT'S DETECTIVE
RIORDAN!



THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY IS RUSHED TO THE SCENE.



TOO BAD! RIORDAN
WAS A GOOD MAN -
LET ME SEE THAT
NOTE!

D.A. PERKINS -
LAY OFF OR
YOU'LL GET
WHAT RIORDAN
GOT.





I'M SURE TRIGGER AND HYMIE KIEL MURDERED RIORDAN BUT WE CAN'T PROVE A THING ON THAT MOB!

THOSE TWO AGENTS HAVE THE PLANS FOR THE BORDEN BOMBSIGHT AND RIORDAN WAS TRYING TO FIND THEM, BUT I'M NOT GOING TO SACRIFICE ANY MORE MEN ON THAT JOB!



LATER - THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY SETS OUT ALONE IN ANSWER TO THE CHALLENGING NOTE.



THE KIEL BROTHERS ARE GOING TO SELL THOSE PLANS TO THE HIGHEST BIDDING FOREIGN POWER!

HALTING IN THE SHADOWS OF A BACK ALLEY BILL PERKINS PUTS ON A BLACK MASK.



NOW NOT EVEN MY OWN MEN WILL RECOGNIZE ME. I'LL BE ONLY THE MOUTHPIECE!

QUIETLY HE APPROACHES THE BACK ENTRANCE OF THE ELAMBA NIGHT CLUB.



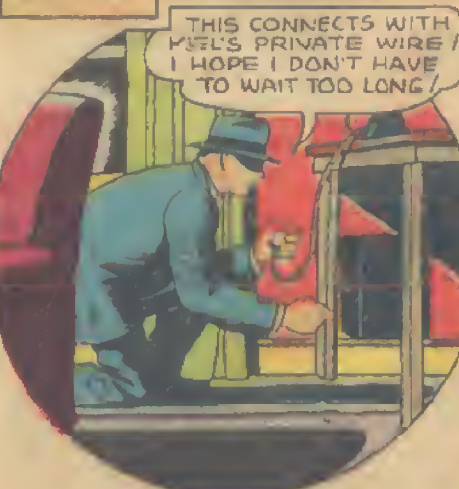
MIGHT GET SOME CLUES HERE - IF I DON'T GET CAUGHT LIKE RIORDAN!

THE MASKED MAN JIMMIE'S OPEN A WINDOW!



I'M GOING TO GIVE MY WIRE TAPPERS A TRY!

THE MOUTHPIECE SKILLFULLY TAPS A TELEPHONE WIRE INSIDE THE BUILDING.



THIS CONNECTS WITH KIEL'S PRIVATE WIRE! I HOPE I DON'T HAVE TO WAIT TOO LONG!

IN A ROOM HYMIE AND TRIGGER SIT AT A TABLE.



THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING. THAT GUY IS SUPPOSED TO CALL US!

SUDDENLY THE TELEPHONE RINGS





THE MOUTHPIECE NOISELESSLY DROPS OUT OF THE WINDOW...

HE RACES TO THE WATERFRONT YACHT BASIN...

AND CLIMBS INTO HIS PRIVATE SPEED BOAT.



SECONDS LATER THE MASKED MAN NEARS THE BUOY-BARELY VISIBLE IN THE FOG.

THE MOUTHPIECE CLIMBS ONTO THE CHANNEL MARKER AND CASTS HIS BOAT ADRIFT.

IN A FEW MINUTES TWO YACHTS CAUTIOUSLY COME TOGETHER BY THE BUOY!



AS HE CLIMBS DOWN INTO THE WATER THE MOUTHPIECE DISCOVERS A METAL BOX FASTENED TO THE BUOYS UNDER WATER'SIDE!



SO THIS IS WHERE THE KIEL MOB HID THE BOMB-SIGHT PLANS!



HYMIE KIEL CLIMBS OUT ON THE BUOY AS THE SECOND BOAT DRAWS ALONGSIDE

WE'LL PULL ALONGSIDE YOU!

I'LL HAVE IT FOR YOU IN A MINUTE!



AS THE AGENT REACHES UNDER THE WATER FOR HIS PRIZE THE MOUTHPIECE WAITS FOR HIM!



THE MASKED MAN SNAPS A HANDCUFF OVER THE GRASPING HAND---



AND FASTENS THE STARTLED GANGSTER TO THE CHANNEL MARKER!



THE TERRIFIED MAN SHRIEKS IN HORROR AS HE FINDS HIMSELF TRAPPED!



ZOMEZINGS WHADDYA MEAN GO BACK-GIMME THAT DOUGH! I GO BACK!



TAKING NO CHANCES ON BEING CAUGHT THE FOREIGN ATTACHE FIRES A LUGER PISTOL AT KIEL!



MORTALLY WOUNDED, TRIGGER KIEL FALLS INTO THE OCEAN



THE STRONG TIDE CARRIES THE DROWNING MAN OUT TO SEA AND A WATERY GRAVE.



LOSING NO TIME THE MYSTERIOUS FOREIGNER RACES AWAY AS THE MOUTHPIECE CLIMBS OUT OF THE WATER WITH THE METAL BOX



THE MOUTHPIECE DUMPS HIS GASPING PRISONER INTO THE BOAT



PICKING HIS WAY THROUGH THE FOG THE MASKED MAN NEARS THE PIER



AFTER LANDING, THE MOUTHPIECE CLIMBS UP TO THE DOCK



GEE WHIZ-TH' MOUTHPIECE! WHO'S THAT YOU'VE GOT?



WELL THAT CLEARS UP THIS CASE AND WHEN HYMIE GOES TO THE CHAIR, DETECTIVE RIORDAN WILL BE AVENGED!





A shadow sweeping across the moon. A shadow traveling at high speed, and with tremendous wingspread!

That was the first anyone heard of the strange reign of death that struck the Northwest recently. No, the shadow was not a plane; it made no sound. A bird, perhaps?

But there never lived a bird of such gigantic proportions.

The eerie shadow was first seen blotting out the moon near the town of Blakely, Montana. It had been, on October 9th, just about ten o'clock. The next morning the whole countryside was in an uproar. Ranchers for miles around rode into town with a weird report: They had lost hundreds of head of cattle during the night.

And not only cattle. Several of the ranchers had died, too. Cow-

boys, riding night fence, were found lying beside water holes and streams—dead. Not a mark on man or beast. No sign of struggle.

The newspapers of the nation caught up the horrible story:

AMERICA'S STRANGEST MYSTERY NEW DISEASE ATTACKS NORTHWEST

The moon shadow theory wasn't even mentioned. It was too insignificant. The obituaries of the local Blakely newspaper for the following three days filled a whole column; at least seventy people had died. No one knew how many cattle had perished.

Three hundred miles from Blakely, in Idaho, a Hollywood movie company was holding its premiere of an epic Northwest film, which had its locale in that

region. The small theatre was ablaze with lights. Huge searchlights swept the dark skies in wide arcs. Two dozen movie luminaries were in attendance, and of course the whole town was out for the gala occasion. Never before had Trumble, Idaho, seen such a thing.

During the course of the night's festivities, the great searchlights caught in their intense glare a fleeting glimpse of a shadow that shot across the skies, far overhead.

"Looked like a plane without lights," said one of the searchlight operators.

And that's all there was to that. Until the next morning.

A good tenth of Trumble's population did not awaken that



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF MARCH 3, 1933, OF MILITARY COMICS, published monthly at Buffalo, New York, for October 1, 1941.

State of Connecticut }
County of Fairfield } M.

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Everett M. Arnold, who, having been duly sworn according to law, depose and say that he is the Business Manager of the MILITARY COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse side of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Comic Magazines, Inc., 322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn. Editor, William E. Fisher, 5 Prospect Place, New York, N. Y. Managing Editor, none. Business Managers, Everett M. Arnold, 198 Shore Road, Old Greenwich, Conn.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Comic Magazines, Inc., 322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn. Claire C. Arnold, 198 Shore Road, Old Greenwich, Conn. Everett M. Arnold, 198 Shore Road, Old Greenwich, Conn. Henry P. Martin, Jr., 2 Foster Drive, Des Moines, Iowa.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.)

EVERETT M. ARNOLD, Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1941

LOUIS J. KURIANSKY, Notary Public (My commission expires February 1, 1944)

morning. They never would. They were dead! Two of the movie stars, both women, were dead. And once again hundreds of cattle and sheep were found littering the ranges, stone dead.

The shadow again received no comment. But two days later, the terrible death struck a fair-sized city in Utah, and a day after that northern California was attacked by the dread calamity.

In a small laboratory on the outskirts of Seattle, Dick Mace worked over a gory mass on the big marble table. It was a cow's stomach, and he was making a thorough autopsy of it.

"Seems to be a sort of arsenic," he said to the young doctor also in attendance. "Yet it's tasteless and almost invisible."

"The strange thing about it," the doctor said, "is the fact that it causes no bloating, and evidently gives the victim no pain, as most poisons do."

So that was that. The thing to do now was to find out who or what was spreading the lethal dose over this wide area. The thing was too clever, too well planned, to be the work of some crackpot. Dick had a theory that a hateful foreign power was trying to destroy the morale of the nation, in preparation for some impending invasion.

And he was right. Two nights later, after a vast area in eastern Washington had been swept by the silent death, radios throughout the Northwestern territory broadcast a warning to the populace to vacate the region immediately, or be killed. Panic gripped everybody. Where would the monster strike again?

"Well, this is too much," said Dick. "Someone's got to run the thing to earth, and I guess I'm elected!"

It was dark up there in the sub-stratosphere, dark in the cabin of the sealed plane. Dick Mace had been in the air three hours. He was equipped with an infra-red camera, for shooting pictures at night. He had a special night telescope trained on the distant terrain below. But thus far he had seen nothing out of the ordinary.

At the moment, he was flying over Seattle, which was visible



only by its tiny twinkling lights. Then suddenly Dick saw, to the north and west, a bright blue streak of light.

"Plane motor," he said to himself. He dived lower, cutting his motor. The Wasatch Mountains towered directly below him. Then he saw the plane, far below, streaking southward, without lights. Something funny about this, he reasoned. He pulled out of the dive and planed silently, keeping the other ship's blue exhaust flame in sight over his cowl. It pulled away from him fast.

"Ah!" said Dick. Through his night glasses he saw, far behind the plane, a winged shadow. "Just as I thought!" He was losing altitude; he would have to start his

engine soon. The other plane had vanished, leaving the dark shadow behind. He swooped down, cutting in front of the shadow. It banked away, dived, came up and straightened out again. Dick worried it, causing it to lose altitude. That, of course, was his plan.

Twenty minutes later the shadow leveled off and landed on the flat country east of the mountain range. Dick made a nice three-point just behind the shadow, and leaped out of his ship.

"All right, you!" he barked, whipping out his pistol. "Stand right where you are!"

He covered the short distance separating the shadow and himself in a bound. A still darker shadow was detaching itself from the winged monster. It stood up, hands lifted.

Dick patted the pant's pockets, bringing out a heavy automatic. "Come on," he said. "You and I are going to take a nice little ride!"

Snapping handcuffs on the man, Dick made a hasty search of the mysterious craft. A large cylinder containing at least two hundred pounds of a whitish powder comprised the craft's cargo. The poison! It was released by a lever in the pilot's cockpit, and scattered over the country's side.

As Dick locked the man in the co-pilot's seat, the chap said, "Two more weeks an' we'd have poisoned the whole west coast!"

Dick grinned. "Yeah. Well, we'll mark that up as the first and last poisoning episode of a glider!"

**READ DICK MACE AGAIN
IN THE MARCH ISSUE OF
POLICE COMICS
ON SALE JANUARY 9TH**

PHANTOM Lady

by Arthur Peddy



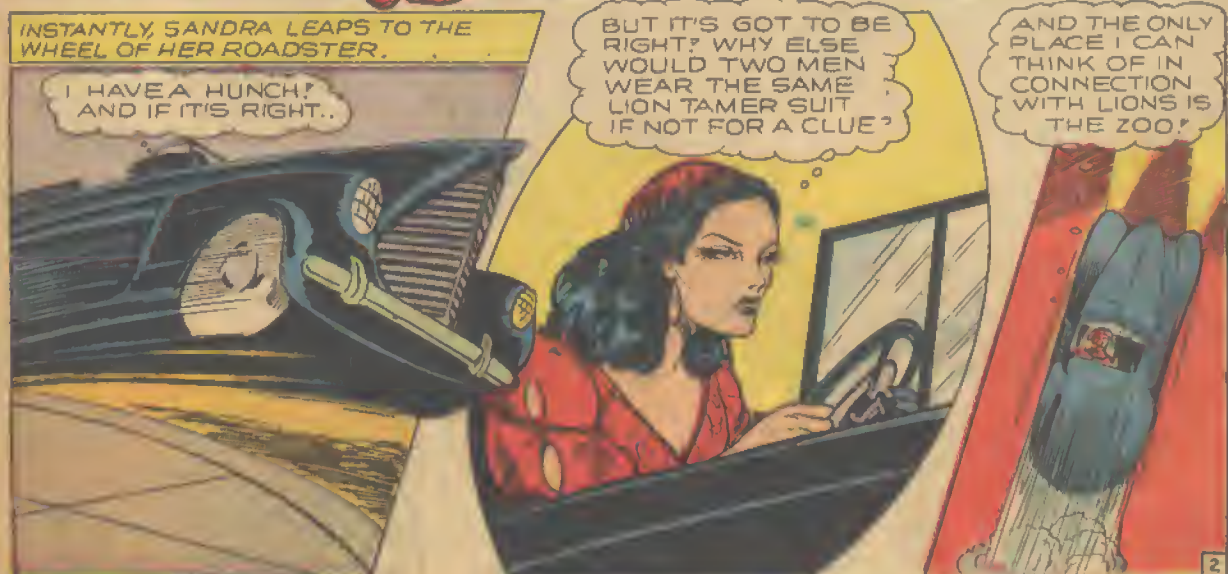
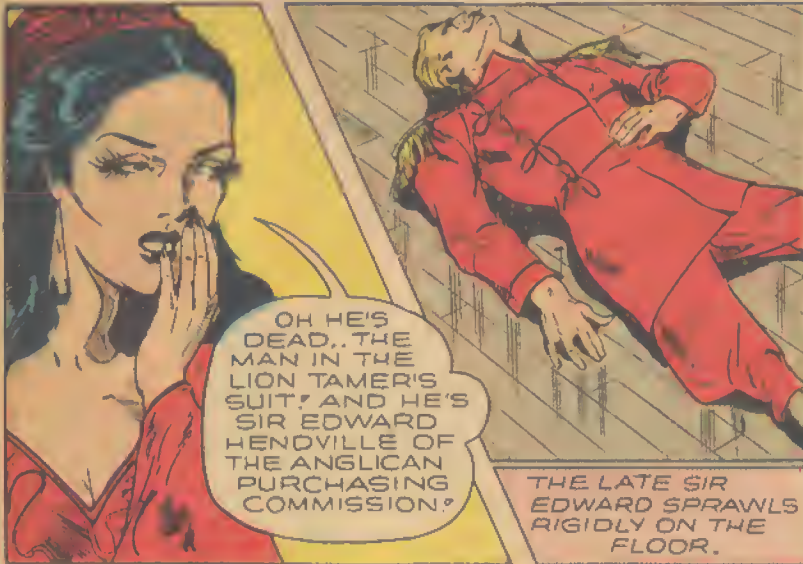
OFFICIAL WASHINGTON SEETHES UNDER A PALL OF RUMORS AS SABOTEURS AND SPIES MEET IN A WAR OF INTRIGUE... AND NO ONE KNOWS THAT THE NOTORIOUS PHANTOM LADY WHO MIXES IN EVERY STRATEGIC PLAY IS IN REALITY SANDRA KNIGHT, DEBUTANTE DAUGHTER OF A SENATOR

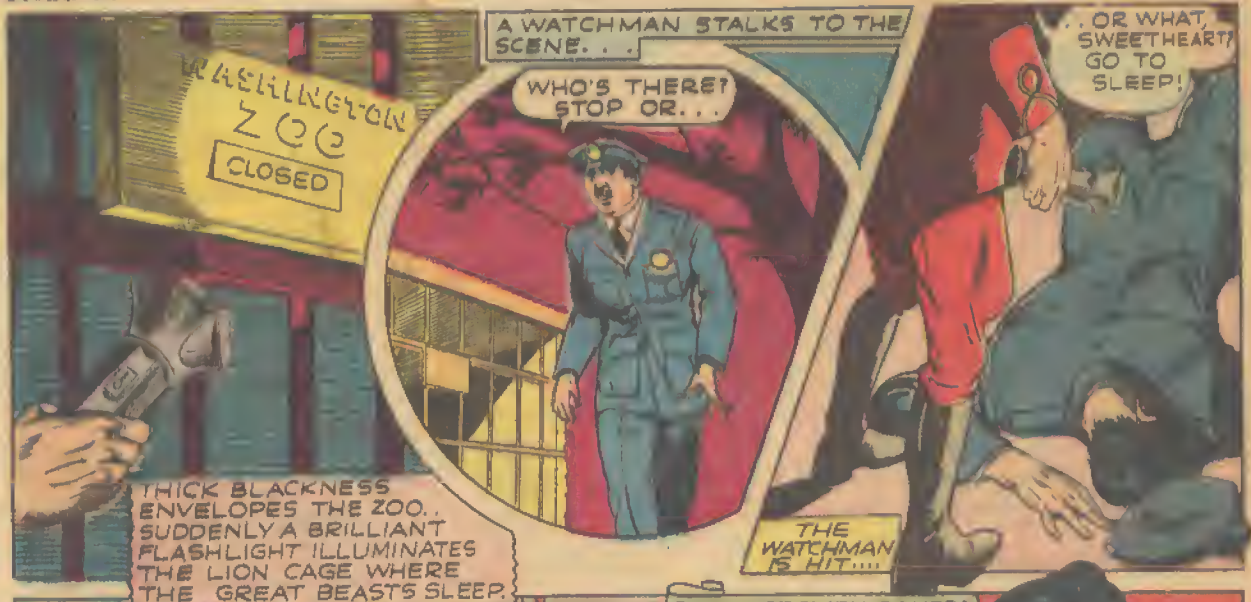
A GREAT WAR-RELIEF MASQUERADE IS IN FULL SWING AT THE ANGLICAN EMBASSY.

SUDDENLY THE LILT OF A GAY WALTZ IS BROKEN BY A BARKING BULLET.

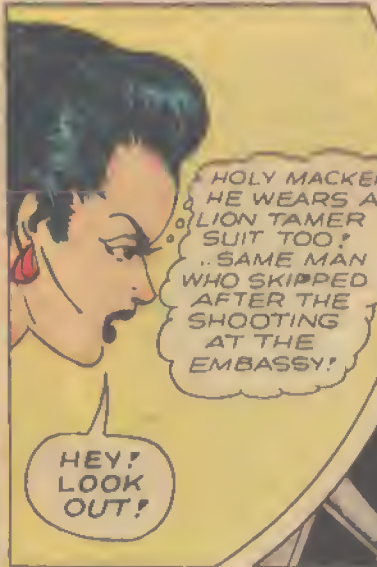
THE GUESTS STAND HORRIFIED AND BEWILDERED, SANDRA KNIGHT AND HER ESCORT, DON BORDEN AMONG THEM.







CAUTIOUSLY, PHANTOM LADY SHRINKS INTO THE SHADOWS, A MAN REACHES FOR THE CASE.



HOLY MACKEREL! HE WEARS A LION TAMER SUIT TOO? ..SAME MAN WHO SKIPPED AFTER THE SHOOTING AT THE EMBASSY!

HEY! LOOK OUT!

A SLASHING, TAWNY PAW SWIPES AT THE MAN'S HAND.



UH...OOH... CAN'T STAND THE PAIN!

FURIOUSLY, THE LION PAWS THE BRIEFCASE, SHOVING IT FURTHER INSIDE THE CAGE.



PHANTOM LADY DECIDES TO PUT THE LION'S VICTIM OUT OF HIS PAIN.



FOR AWHILE ANYWAY!

QUICKLY SHE BINDS HIS WOUNDS WITH CLOTH RIPPED FROM HIS COSTUME.



UMM... THERE'S THE CAGE KEY IN HIS POCKET!



WELL HERE I GO TO BEARD THE LIONS IN THEIR DEN?



..I'VE GOT TO GET THAT BRIEFCASE SOMEHOW..

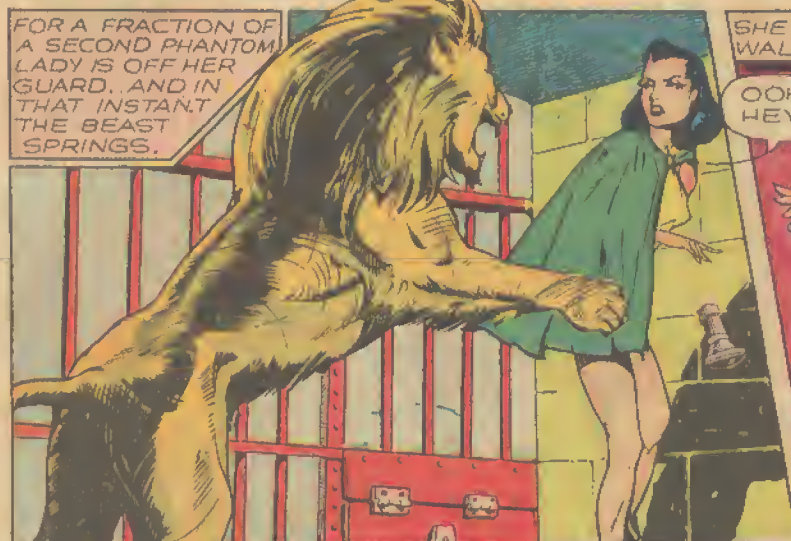


THE TAWNY BEAST STANDS BACK, ENTRANCED BY THE SHARP BLACK CONE THAT THE PHANTOM LADY WIELDS.



SHE STOOPS GINGERLY TO RETRIEVE THE PORTFOLIO.

GOOD BOY? NOW STAY BACK HERE?



FOR A FRACTION OF A SECOND PHANTOM LADY IS OFF HER GUARD.. AND IN THAT INSTANT THE BEAST SPRINGS.

SHE BACKS AGAINST THE WALL IN FRIGHT.

OOH? HEY?

A PRETTY PICKLE... NOW WHAT? OH! WHAT'S THIS HANGIN' ON THE WALL?



A WHIP? STAND BACK.. BEFORE I SKIN YOUR TEETH!

BUT INSTEAD OF RESISTING, THE LION SITS UP LIKE A SMALL PUP.



WELL I'LL BE.. HE'S TRAINED!

HURRIEDLY, PHANTOM LADY SNATCHES HER LIGHT AND THE BRIEF-CASE.



SO LONG, BEASTIE.

SHE NEARS THE FRONT GATE ...

WHAT'S TAKING
NOEL SO
LONG?

I DON'T
KNOW..SH
SOMEONE'S
COMING?

"SOMEONE" IS THE
PHANTOM LADY
FLASHING HER
BLACK LIGHT IN
THEIR FACES.

SUDDENLY, THE
WOUNDED "LION
TAMER" DRAGS
HIMSELF UP TO
HER.

STAND BACK!
AND REMEMBER
I CAN SEE
WHERE TO
SHOOT! YOU
CAN'T!

HIS TWO COLLEAGUES
SEIZE THEIR CHANCE.

GRAB
HER, NOEL!
SHE'S
GOT THE
PAPERS!

OH NO
YOU
DON'T!

O.K. O.K!
NOEL SHOT
SIR EDWARD
HENDVILLE TO
GET HIS IMPORTANT
PAPERS.. HE WORE
THE LION SUIT TO
HINT WHERE TO
MEET US. ALL I
KNOW IS THAT WE'RE
BEIN' PAID TO PULL
THIS JOB!

NOW
TALK!

THEN
THE FACT
THAT SIR
EDWARD
ALSO WORE
A LION
TAMER
COSTUME
WAS ONLY
A COINCIDENCE!

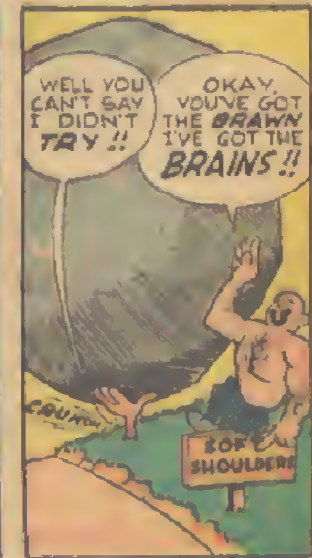
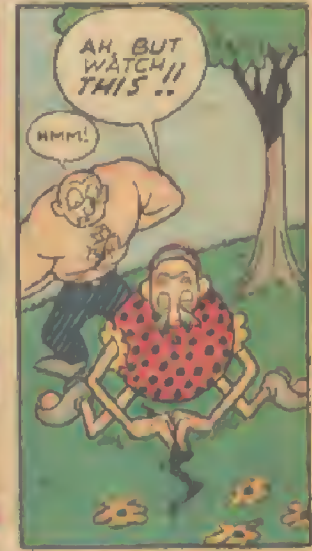
SOON PHANTOM LADY RADIOS
A CALL TO THE POLICE.

HAVE CAUGHT HENDVILLE
MURDERER.. ALSO
RECOVERED VALUABLE
ANGLICAN STATE
PAPERS!

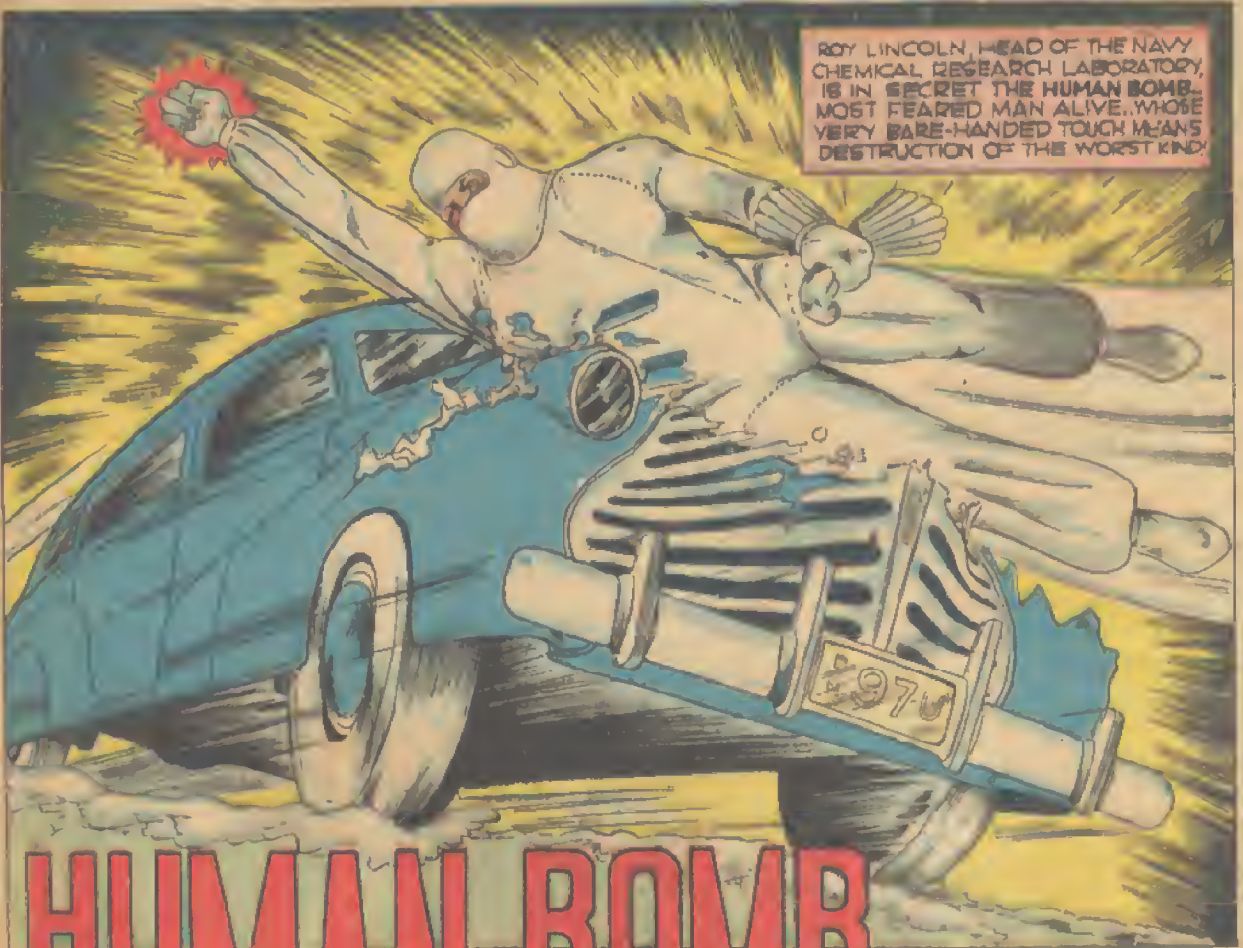
LATER

SANDRA, HEAR
THE LATEST? SEEMS
THE LIONS AT THE ZOO
HAVE AN APPETITE AND
SOMEONE FOUND A LION
TAMER JACKET?

HA! HA! IS
THERE A
MISSING
TAMER IN
THE LION?



ROY LINCOLN, HEAD OF THE NAVY CHEMICAL RESEARCH LABORATORY, IS IN SECRET THE HUMAN BOMB. MOST FEARED MAN ALIVE. WHOSE VERY BARE-HANDED TOUCH MEANS DESTRUCTION OF THE WORST KIND!



HUMAN BOMB

ONE NIGHT AS ROY LINCOLN AND HIS FIANCEE JEAN ARE WALKING ALONG A WASHINGTON STREET...

... NOW DIVIDE THE SQUARE ROOT OF COSINE BY THE INFINITIVE OF THE SQUARE ROOT OF "B" OVER THE TOTAL PRESSURE MINUS THE RESISTING ELEMENT.



THERE—NOW YOU KNOW A SECRET NAVY FORMULA—BUT DON'T TELL A SOUL OR YOU'LL BE SHOT FOR TREASON!

O-O-O YOU'RE WORSE THAN TRYING TO SQUEEZE BLOOD OUT OF A STONE!!



HA! HA! DON'T TELL ME THAT YOU'VE FORGOTTEN WHAT I TOLD YOU SAY. WHAT'S ALL THE COMMOTION ABOUT UP AHEAD?

YOU MIGHT AT LEAST HAVE THE DECENCY TO SPEAK ENGLISH TO ME!! FORMULA ... PHOOEY!!



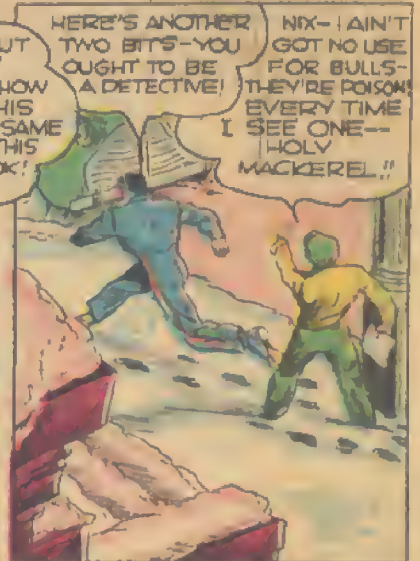


IT AIN'T NO FIRE, BUD— IT'S THE HUMAN BOMB! HE'S GONE LOCO— RAMSACKING THE F.B.I. OFFICE! WHY THAT PONEY SNAKE-IN-THE-GRASS.....

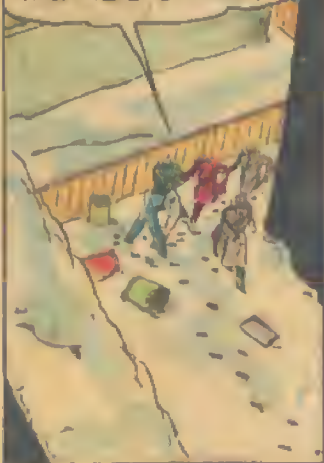


WELL— ROY LINCOLN HAS GONE AND LEFT JEAN STANDING ON A CORNER AGAIN.. HE IS OFF TO LEARN WHO'S IMPERSONATING HIM AS THE HUMAN BOMB !!





NICE GOIN', BUD!! WE'LL HOLD HIM! JOE- PICK UP THAT FOLDER HE GOT FROM THE F.B.I. OFFICE!!



BEFORE YOU GET ANY IDEAS - THIS GUY ISN'T THE HUMAN BOMB - HE'S JUST A PHONEY!!

WELL!!



DIDN'T DO YOU MUCH GOOD EH, RAT? YOU GUYS WORK PRETTY SMOOTHLY- YOU EVEN HAD ME FOOLED AT FIRST! THE ONLY MISTAKE YOU MADE IS THAT YOU DIDN'T EXPECT TO RUN INTO THE REAL HUMAN BOMB!!



GULD!!



AS SOON AS I PUT THIS OUTFIT ON, I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT HE'S LIKE!!

IT'S HIM!!!

OKAY- STEP ON IT!!



GET IN TH' CAR BEFORE HE BLOWS US INTO HASH!

MIKE - GIMME THAT BOTTLE OF NITROGLYCERINE YOU'VE BEEN USING!



AS THE BOTTLE OF NITROGLYCERINE HITS THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING, IT IS SHATTERED INTO A DEAFENING EXPLOSION.....



YOU'LL NEED MORE THAN THAT TO STOP ME BOYS!!



AS THE HUMAN BOMB ROUNDS THE CORNER FROM THE ALLEY...



THEY WENT THAT WAY— NOW WE'RE EVEN FOR THAT EXTRA TWO BITS YOU GAVE ME!!!



SORRY I HAVE TO LEAVE YOU AGAIN—BUT I'VE A JOB ON MY HANDS!!



HEY—HEY!! YOU'LL NEED A CAR TO CHASE THOSE CROOKS— I GOT ONE ALL FIXED... WARMED UP... CHAINS AN' ALL!!



ARE YOU TRYING TO KID ME— THE IGNITION SWITCH IS LOCKED!!

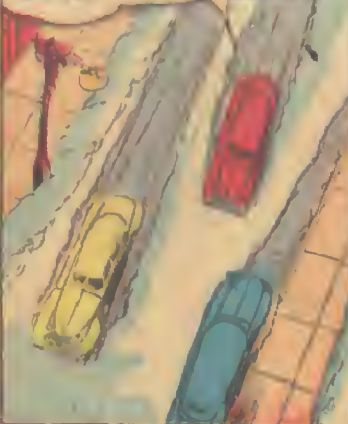


WHAT TH'? IT WORKS!! HEY, WHOSE CAR IS THIS AND WHAT'D YOU DO TO IT? SEARCH ME? I JUST CROSSED TH' WIRES ON IT!!



A SHORT TIME LATER..

THERE'S THE CAR! TAKE THE WHEEL KID— THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO STOP THESE GUNS!!



OKAY, KID— PASS 'EM.. WIDE OPEN !!



AS THE TWO CARS DRAW UP, SIDE BY SIDE, THE HUMAN BOMB DIVES FOR THE MOTOR OF THE CAR WITH THE THUGS IN IT.



WELL- WHAT ARE YOU DOING, NOT KNOCKED OUT?

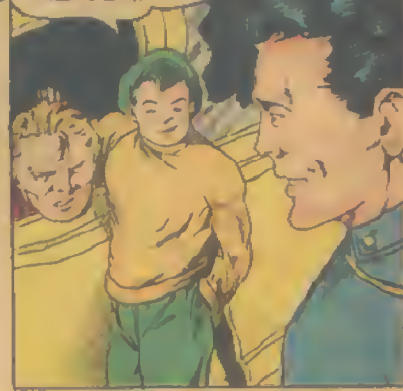
WHOW! ALL OF 'EM AS COLD AS ICE!! LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THIS FOLDER THE HONEY HUMAN BOMB LIFTED FROM THE F.B.I. OFFICE!!



EVIDENCE TO PROVE THAT HENRY VOGELMAN, THE PUBLISHER IS THE HEAD OF A NAZI PROPAGANDA AND SABOTAGE RING HERE! WELL...!! C'MON, KID, HERE'S WHERE WE FINISH UP- THIS LITTLE EPISODE CLINCHES THINGS!!



YEAH- BUT IT'S FINISHED ALREADY! DIS RAT IS VOGELMAN- I USED TO SELL PAPERS FOR HIM UNTIL I GOT TOO NOSEY IN TH' CELLAR OF TH' JOINT. TH' BUM CANNED ME AN' KICKED ME OUT!!



NOW THAT WE'VE CLEANED HOUSE, WHERE'S YOUR JOINT SO I'LL KNOW WHERE TO BUNK!!



OH-OH! OKAY, C'MON, BUT I'LL HAVE TO NOTIFY THE POLICE AND SEE A FRIEND OF MINE FIRST!!

THERE'S THE FRIEND I WAS TELLING YOU ABOUT!



WELL OF ALL THE LOW-DOWN TRICKS TO PULL ON A GUY, A DAME!

A SHORT TIME LATER....

AS TIME ROLLS ON, AND BOY LINCOLN MAKES PROGRESS IN PATCHING THINGS UP AS TO WHY HE LEFT JEAN STRANDED AGAIN!!

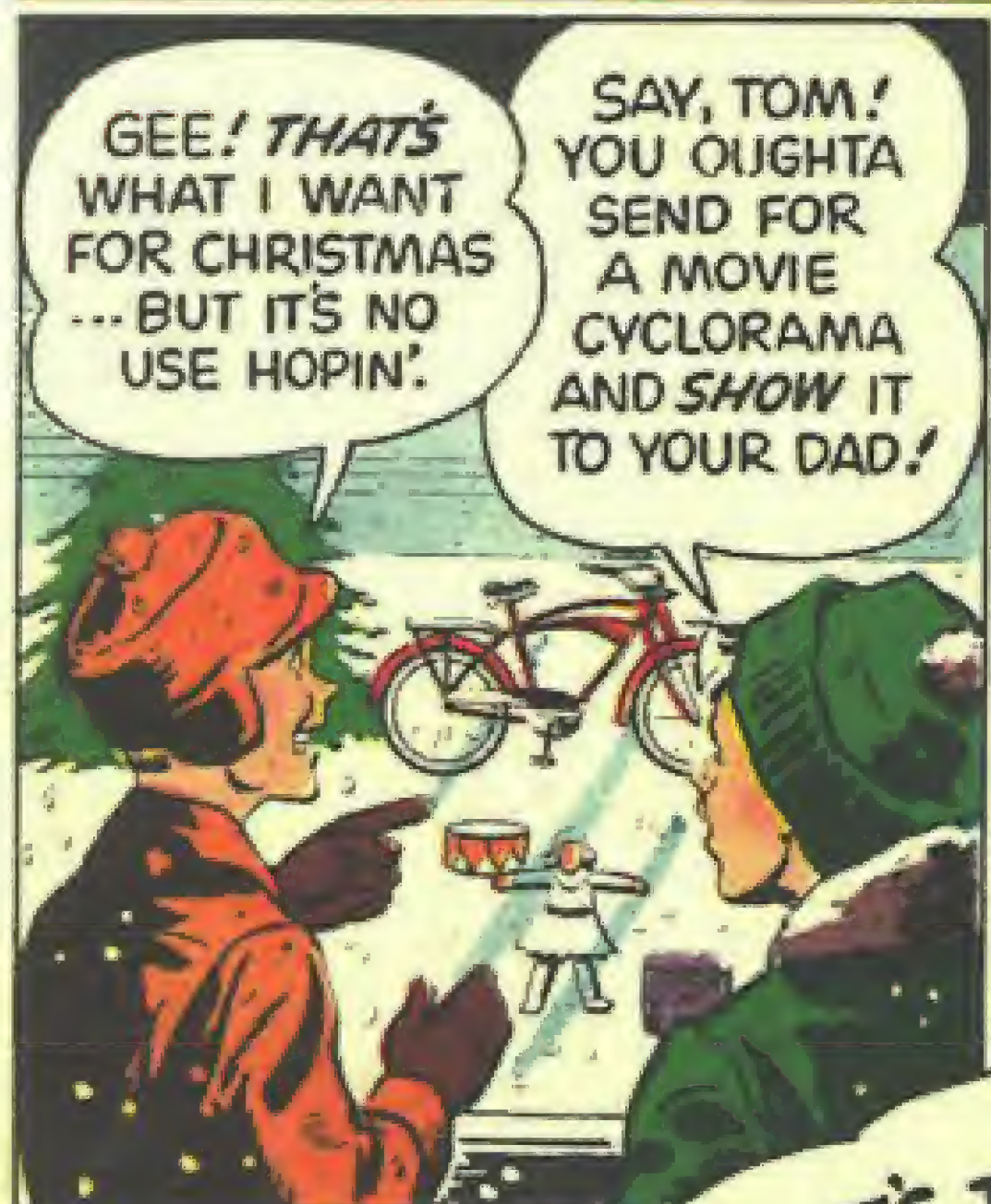
C'MON, CHUMP- WOMEN IS POISON! THEY ONLY WRECK A MAN'S LIFE- JUST TROUBLE.. BLAH BLAH.. BLAH..



Don't miss the next exciting episode of The Human Bomb in the March issue of POLICE COMICS.



TOM HAD THE *Merriest Christmas* EVER!



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— SHOW IT TO YOUR DAD!

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